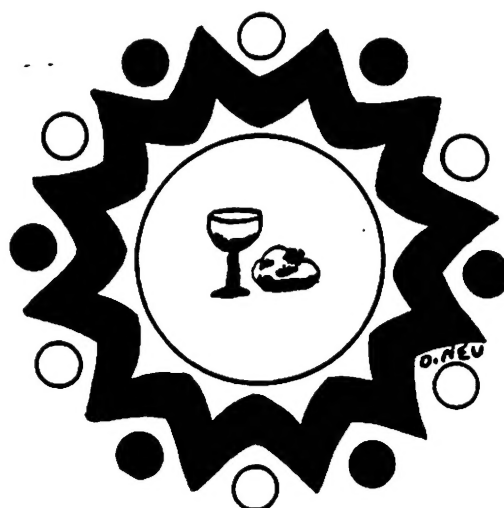


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Women-Church Celebrations: Feminist Liturgies for the Lenten Season

Diann Neu, Liturgist



Complete Scripts for
Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday, The Easter Vigil
Including Feminist Music, Poetry, Readings and Bibliography

A Resource from WATERworks Press,
The Women's Alliance for Theology, Ethics and Ritual

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water

WATER, the Women's Alliance for Theology, Ethics and Ritual, facilitates feminist theology, ethics and ritual for social change and community building. We provide a context for women and men to engage in dialogue and take action on issues related to religious studies, beliefs and practices.

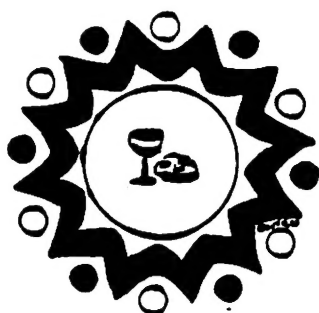
While WATER is a local and grassroots effort, it also participates in national and international networks for justice. Through concrete commitments to women's base communities in Chile, Argentina and Uruguay, WATER helps women find our voices and raise them' together with other justice-seeking friends in praise of liberation.

Mary E. Hunt and Diann Neu are WATER's Co-Directors. Our office, in the Washington, DC metropolitan area, is located at 8035 13th Street, Silver Spring, Maryland 20910, USA. We can be reached by phone at (301) 589-2509.

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Introduction

Feminist liturgies celebrated by women church in base communities have been developing in a visible way over the past ten years. **Women-Church Celebrations: Feminist Liturgies for the Lenten Season** is a resource which includes the scripts of five feminist liturgies. This is but one model of the variety of celebrations that are emerging in women's base communities.

We, the women of WATER, the Women's Alliance for Theology, Ethics and Ritual, are committed to researching the development of feminist liturgies and to publishing models of feminist liturgies for women-church. We offer this resource to nourish feminist liturgical celebrations, to encourage women's base communities to reclaim symbols for women's spirituality, and to invite all church congregations to incorporate feminist perspectives into worship.

Women-church is a new model of church. It gathers women together to be church and to speak as church when the representatives of a patriarchal church would have us be silent. Women-church is the gathering of women to claim our own spiritual powers, to develop fully our faith life as church, and to nourish one another as Christian women.

Women, claiming the power of our baptismal promises, are gathering together to nurture our faith and witness to Gospel values of love and justice. We are searching together to name and claim the language, symbols and liturgies that express feminist spirituality. Women are moving beyond the patriarchal system of church and claiming the center of church life. We invite our children and supportive men to join us in this visionary work.

Feminist liturgies are nurturing women as we walk the long road to liberation. They provide resting places, "sanctuary." Coming together in base communities, women are creating church where we know language will be inclusive, symbols will speak to and of our experiences, leadership will be shared, and a "discipleship of equals" will be developed and valued. This church continues in the tradition of the early Christian community.

Feminist liturgies bring to public expression the faith life of these women's base communi-

ties. The liturgies vary from group to group and yet there is a commonality among the groups. The "Guide for Planning Feminist Liturgies" reflects the commonality I have discovered in researching the phenomenon of emerging feminist liturgies.

Many of the liturgies included here were planned for SAS, Sisters Against Sexism, a women's base community in the Washington, DC area. SAS has been meeting bi-weekly for the past six years. I am grateful to the women of SAS for continuing to create a space to nourish our faith.

Most of the music used in these celebrations was written by Carolyn McDade or Marsie Silvestro. I am grateful to both of these friends for providing us with quality liturgical music from a feminist perspective. They make my work easier. I encourage you to use their music. Order forms are included in Appendix I.

I share these liturgies with you and your group to provide models of how one women's base community celebrates the season of Lent. Hopefully these liturgies will spark your creativity and provide nourishment for your community. **Take what is valuable for your group, adapt the liturgies to your needs and add your own personal touches.** Of course, give credit when appropriate.

For those of you who yearn for a women's base community and are not part of one, I encourage you to gather some friends together and begin your own. May these liturgies guide you.

For those who find nurture in church congregations, these liturgies can give you ideas to enhance your parish liturgies. Feminist perspectives need to be introduced into all celebration.

In Appendix II you will find a survey, "Women's Base Communities." The directory of women's base communities links groups with one another and lets others know where we are. Please fill out the survey and send it to WATER so that your group can be connected with this network.

The spirit is speaking to us and through us as women-church. Let her wisdom be heard as we gather together in her name.

Guide for Planning Feminist Liturgies

In planning feminist liturgies and noting how others plan them, I have discovered some common elements that enhance the celebration. I list them here as guides for your liturgical planning.

In the final shaping of any liturgy, I suggest that the *liturgy be simple and clear*, that it move easily from one section to the next.

The setting is very important to worship. It reflects the message of the celebration. Arrange the chairs in a circle around a small, round table. The table will be used as a visual focal point so it should be where everyone can see it. The circle allows each person equal participation and opportunity to contribute. Leaders will want to be part of the circle.

Leadership throughout the liturgy is shared and not centered on one person. Thus, there is no main presider. Various parts of the liturgy -- introductions, centering, readings, blessings, closings -- can be initiated by different leaders. You will know what is right for your group. Each leader is responsible for connecting what has gone before with her/his own part. Leaders are encouraged to use their own words for introductions, blessings, sharings.

Symbols are key to feminist liturgies. They are visible carriers of the message of the celebrations. Symbols need to be attractive and easily seen. They need to have a central place in the celebration where people can be engaged with them.

Color and artistic arrangement enhance a prayerful environment. Coordinate the colors of symbols, candles and cloths whenever possible. Arrange the celebration table artistically.

Readings and music need to be written with inclusive language, that is they need to be free of sexist, classist and racist words for people and for God/ess. Examples: use women and men, not just men; use Sarah and Abraham, not just Abraham; use Sovereign One or God for Lord; use shadow for darkness. (Other examples are contained in *An Inclusive-Language Lectionary*.)

Language is inclusive not only by being free of sexist, classist and racist connotations, but also by being inclusive culturally. Women of faith speak in many languages! Whenever possible, use a variety of languages in liturgy. Include Spanish, Japanese, Swahili, Sign, Greek, French, Chinese, Cree... for entire readings or to accent phrases within readings. (Suggested phrases to be echoed in other languages are indicated in each liturgy in this resource.) Often a group has within it people who speak several languages. Even if people do not understand a language, their world will be enlarged.

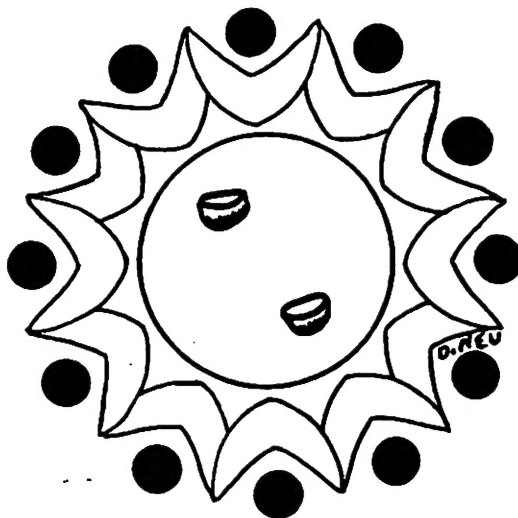
Body Expression is included through movement, gesture or touch. Invite people to stand in a circle, arms on shoulders, and sway during a song. Encourage warm embraces during greetings of peace. And, of course, if you have dancers in your group, invite them to do a solo dance and/or choreograph simple movements to music or readings for the community. When blessing bread, pouring wine, washing hands, use dramatic gestures that can be seen by all.

The artistic side of the people in your group needs to be nurtured and acknowledged. Invite people to be musicians, soloists, mimes, clowns, dancers. Liturgy brings to public expression the faith life of the people gathered. We each have an artistic side that can enhance our celebrations.

Written programs for the liturgy do not need to be in participants' hands during the service. Having paper in hand can get in the way and is not necessary. However, words for the music need to be available. The liturgy program can be given to participants after the worship is over as a keepsake or for further reflection.

Instructions for the liturgy need to be as simple and brief as possible. Give your group only as much information as they need to be comfortable for the celebration. The more often you gather together, the fewer instructions you will need.

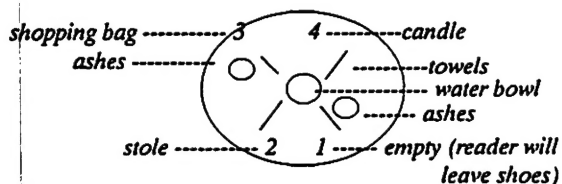
An Ash Wednesday Liturgy:



Preparation

Gather symbols for the celebration table. You will need a bowl of water, two small bowls of ashes (burn palms from last year's Palm Sunday liturgy), three or four towels, a candle, Latin American stole (or red sash) and shopping bag with clothes. You will also need a bible, a tape of instrumental music, a triangle, trumpet or drum and a cloth for the table.

Set the table as follows:



Enlist participants to do readings, blessings and music. You will need five readers, one blesser and three leaders -- one for the Introduction and Call to Celebration, one for Centering and one for the Rite of Cleansing and Closing.

Introduction

[Begin the liturgy by introducing yourself saying why you have come. Spend a few moments going around the circle, letting each person tell her/his name and why she/he has come.]

Music Practice, Instructions

[The musicians teach the songs if they are new. Give any simple instructions your group will need for the celebration.]

Centering

Ash Wednesday is a unique time of the liturgical year.

It calls us to remember...
dust... loss... death... experiencing
limits... mourning.

It gently encourages us
to let go
to simplify the complex
to turn back
to value faith.

It gives us a space
to be with brokenness
pain and death.

We cannot read the newspaper,
listen to the radio or watch the evening news
and not see
the pain and death
in people's lives,
especially the lives of women.

This liturgy of "Remembering Women's Lives:
From Ashes to a Phoenix"
calls us to befriend our own death
and the deaths of others.
In remembering that we are dust
and will return to dust,
We place ourselves in solidarity
with those who are hungry...
thirsty... naked... imprisoned...
homeless... and dying.

Silent Meditation

[Play background instrumental music. Triangle, trumpet or drum closes music and announces reading.]

Scripture Proclamation

Joel 2:1-2, 12-17a is proclaimed.

Blow the trumpet in Zion;
sound the alarm on my holy mountain!
Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble,
for the day of God is coming, it is near,
a day of shadow and gloom,
a day of clouds and dense shadow!
Like a blanket there is spread upon the
mountains

a great and powerful people;
their like has never been from of old,
nor will be again after them
through the years of all generations.
"Yet even now," says the Sovereign One,
"return to me with all your heart,
with fasting, with weeping, and with
mourning;
and rend your hearts and not your
garments."

Return to the Sovereign One, your God,
for God is gracious and merciful
slow to anger, and abounding in
steadfast love,
and repents of evil.
Who knows whether God will not turn and
repent,

and leave a blessing behind,
a cereal offering and a drink offering
for the Sovereign One, your god?
Blow the trumpet in Zion;

sanctify a fast:
call a solemn assembly;
gather the people.
Sanctify the congregation;
assemble the elders;
gather the children,
even nursing infants.

Let the bridegroom leave his room,
and the bride her chamber.

Between the vestibule and the altar let the
priests, the ministers of God, weep

and say, "Spare your people O Sovereign
One,
and make not your heritage a reproach,
a byword among the nations."

Centering

It has been a year since we celebrated with
ashes--the traditional Christian symbol. We
struggle through winter, the snows quench our fires
and we are left cold and waiting amid ashes. We
have been numbed and deadened by many recent
events.

We have glimpsed the face of death in a
hundred windows and mirrors...famine victims in
Ethiopia...martyrs in El Salvador...apartheid in
South Africa...war in Lebanon...tortures and disap-
pearances in Chile...rape and incest victims in our
own homes...rising unemployment and feminiza-
tion of poverty...bag ladies dying alone on the
streets...repression..."The Vatican 24"...mourning
of loved ones...grieving of those starving in every
country...silencing of prophetic theologians and
friends...mourning of women and men whose min-
istries are unrecognized...loss of expectations...
encounter with limits...floods, earthquakes, fires,
death. The litany goes on and on.

We gather at this time of Lent, of Spring-
time, to remember in a feminist way death and new
life, to rid ourselves of excesses, of oppressions, and
to take on one garment of liberation.

We gather to burn the patriarchy of racism,
sexism, heterosexism, militarism, imperialism and
classism within us. We gather in this place of
sanctuary to prepare for our liberation, to find our
own voices. We gather to hear the voices of strug-
gling women to unite ourselves with the ashes of
women's lives. We look to ashes for hope...and we
gather the hope of the phoenix, a bird rising out of
its own ashes.

We've probably come to this place tonight
for different reasons. Let's share in groups of three
or four how the phoenix is in flight in our own
lives...coming out of ashes.

Ash Wednesday

Reflection / Group Sharing

How is the phoenix in flight in your life...
coming out of ashes?

[After 5 minutes or when the groups are ready, begin singing. As people hear the song, they will join in.]

Song: "Call to Women" by Carolyn McDade
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Refrain: Women of the Earth
arise in every land
And end their cruel and deadly wars
'Tis with the tree of life we stand

Our fury will melt all the weapons down
Our hands will bend ev'ry gun
We answer no boundary no proud waving
flag
We stand o'er the earth as one

Introduction to Readings

From the four corners of our world, we listen to the voices of women in pain struggling, enraged and threatened. They tell us what we need to know to be free. They call us from every land to arise and repent.

Reader 1

[Reader goes to #1 place at celebration table, takes off her shoes and returns to the circle where she reads...]

Introduction: I take off my shoes to remember Marzieh Ahmadi Ooskwi, a woman from India. She speaks to us of the pain in her life.

I am a woman *[Echo in other languages]*
I am from the faraway ruins in the east
A woman who from the beginning with bare feet
Has experienced the unquenched thirst of the land
Searching for a drop of water

A woman who from the beginning with bare feet
Along with her skinny cow in the threshing field
From dawn to dusk has felt the weight of pain...

I am a woman *[Echo in other languages]*
A worker whose hands
Turn the great machines of the factory
Which each day tear to bits my strength
In the threads of the wheels
In front of my eyes...

I am a woman *[Echo in other languages]*
With hands full of wounds
From the cutting blades of pain
A woman whose body has been broken
under your unlimited shameless
back-breaking work
A woman whose skin
is the mirror of the sun of the desert
And whose hair smells of factory smoke...

I am a woman *[Echo in other languages]*
A woman for whom in your shameful
vocabulary
There is no word corresponding to my
significance.

Marzieh Ahmadi Ooskwi, Intercontinent

Song: "Call to Women"

We stand as sisters unto the earth
Her forests of living green
The cypress and ginkgo, the oak and the pine
The millions unnamed, unseen

Refrain: Women of the Earth
arise in every land
And end their cruel and deadly wars
'Tis with the tree of life we stand

Reader 2

[Reader goes to #2 place at celebration table, puts on the stole and returns to the circle where she reads...]

Ash Wednesday

Introduction: I wear this Latin American stole as I remember Maura Clarke. Maura was one of the four US churchwomen killed in El Salvador in December 1980. To her friend, Peg Dillon, just a few weeks before her death, she wrote these words about pain, struggle and hope:

Being here with Ita and working for the refugees, getting them to refugee centers, obtaining and transporting food for the hungry campesinos, displaced, hiding or in the organized groups, has its sweetness, consolation, special Grace and is certainly a gift. Things grow tense and scarier, Peg. The way innocent people, families, children are macheted and blessed temples of God thrown and left for the buzzards to feed on them, seems unbelievable, but it happens every day. The other day passing a small lake in the jeep, I saw a buzzard standing on top of a floating body. We did nothing but pray and feel. No one can touch these bodies until a judge is called. This cannot go on much longer. A beautiful young girl I knew in a town called Los Ranchos where there is a strong and dedicated Christian base community was shot down in the market here. We don't know how soon but the pain goes on and there are many hungry people hiding and struggling.

*Maura Clarke, letter to Peg Dillon,
November 22, 1980*

Song: "Call to Women"

Our blood's in the seas pulsing on every
shore
The wind bears our word and our song
So tender our steps on this green growing
earth
That carries life on and on

Refrain: Women of the Earth
arise in every land
And end their cruel and deadly wars
'Tis with the tree of life we stand

Reader 3

*[Reader goes to #3 place at celebration table,
picks up her shopping bag and returns to the circle
where she reads...]*

Introduction: Homeless women are growing in numbers. Kip Tiernan, founder of Rosie's Place, a women's shelter in Boston, prays:

My Jesus is a woman on welfare and
getting a food stamp cutback.

My Jesus is pregnant and 13 and
doesn't know where she's going to sleep
tonight.

My Jesus lies in the bloody dust of
El Salvador with Maura and Dorothy and
Ita and Jean.

My Jesus is called drunk, junky,
bum, crazy, nigger, honky, spic, gook.

And I come to you God today as
your angry, outraged, infuriated daughter,
sister, friend, lover, comrade...with my
psalms of rage and songs of fury...

My Jesus is in the supermarket with
the elderly, buying dog food for dinner
tonight.

My Jesus stumbles into the dark
and lonely night with all the named and
nameless victims and Galileans of the
universe...the unloved, the unwanted, the
unnecessary...

And I turn to Jesus and lift up my
life and clenched fist and joyously pray,
Come Jesus!

Kip Tiernan, Women's Theological Center Newsletter

Ash Wednesday

Song: "Call to Women"

We're firm as the mountains, as free as the
wind

As wild as the forest of old
The rights of each generation to come
Unite us with spirits bold

Refrain: Women of the Earth
arise in every land
And end their cruel and deadly wars
'Tis with the tree of life we stand

Reader 4

*[Reader goes to #4 place at celebration table,
lights the candle and returns to the circle where she
reads...]*

Introduction: Julia Esquivel, an exiled
Guatemalan poet, mourns her beloved
country. I light this candle as a sign that we
accompany the people of Guatemala in
their struggle for liberation.

It isn't the noise in the streets
that keeps us from resting, my friend,
nor is it the shouts of the young people
coming out drunk from "St. Paul's" bar,
nor is it the tumult of those who pass by
excitedly on their way to the mountains.

There is something here within us
which doesn't let us sleep,
which doesn't let us rest,
which doesn't stop pounding deep inside,
it is the silent, warm weeping
of Indian women without their husbands,
it is the sad gaze of the children
fixed there beyond memory
in the very pupil of our eyes which during
sleep,
though closed, keep watch
with each contraction of the heart,
in every awakening...

What keeps us from sleeping is that
they have threatened us with resurrection!

[Echo: Nos han amenazado de resurreccion!]

Because we have felt their inert bodies
and their souls penetrated ours doubly
fortified.

Because in this marathon of Hope,
there are always others to relieve us
in bearing the courage necessary
to arrive at the goal which lies beyond
death.

They have threatened us with Resurrection
[Echo]

because they are more alive than ever
before,
because they transform our agonies,
and fertilize our struggle,
because they pick us up when we fall,
and gird us like giants
before the fear of those demented gorillas.

They have threatened us with Resurrection
[Echo]
because they do not know life (poor
things!).

That is the whirlwind which does not let us
sleep,
the reason why asleep, we keep watch,
and awake, we dream.

No, it's not the street noises,
nor the shouts from the drunks in "St.
Paul's" bar,
nor the noise from the fans at the ball park.
It is the internal cyclone of a kaleidoscopic
struggle
which will heal the wound of the quetzal
fallen in Ixcán.
It is the earthquake soon to come that
will shake the world
and put everything in its place...

Acompañanos
en esta vigilia
y sabras
lo que es sonar!
Sabras entonces
lo maravilloso que es
vivir amenazado
de Resurrección!

Accompany us then
on this vigil
and you will know
what it is to dream!
You will then know
how marvelous it is
to live
threatened with
Resurrection!

Ash Wednesday

Sonar despierto,
velar dormido,
vivir muriendo
y saberse

ya resucitado!

To dream awake,
to keep watch asleep
to live while dying
and to already
know oneself
resurrected!

*Julia Esquivel, "They Have Threatened Us With Resurrection,"
Threatened With Resurrection.
Copyright 1982 by Brethern Press. Reprinted by permission.*

Song: "Call to Women"

So fierce is our love of this life that we share
These wars then must wither and
cease

Replaced by a justice for one and for all
Created by living peace

Refrain: Women of the Earth
arise in every land
And end their cruel and deadly wars
'Tis with the tree of life we stand

Blessing and Sharing of Ashes

[The blesser picks up a bowl of ashes in each hand, silently walks around the circle and blesses the ashes with her own words, gathering up the experience of the evening. She then gives the bowl of ashes to two different parts of the circle and invites the women to take ashes, put them on one another's forehead, face, hands, feet...and say what they want.]

Rite of Cleansing

[When all have received ashes, the leader moves to the water, puts her hands into the bowl and lets the water fall from her hands as she says:

As a sign of our willingness to repent and transform oppressions in all of its forms and as a sign of our readiness to embrace our liberation, let us cleanse ourselves and our community of these ashes. Come to the water *[she beckons them close]*, wash the ashes off the persons next to you. *[Many come at the same time to table.]*

Song: "Blessing Song" by Marsie Silvestro

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[Sung standing in a circle while ashes are washed off.]

Bless you my sister...Bless you on your way
You have roads to roam...before you're
home
And winds to speak your name

So go gently my sister...Let courage be your
song
You have words to say...in your own way
And stars to light your night

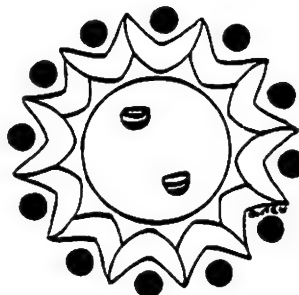
And if ever you grow weary
And your heart's song has no refrain
Just remember we'll be waiting
To raise you up again

And we'll bless you our sister, bless you in
our way
And we'll welcome home...all the life you've
known
And softly speak your name

Oh we'll welcome home...all the self you
own
And softly speak your name

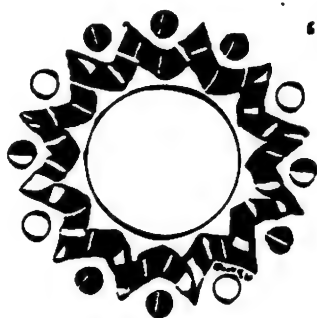
Closing / Greeting of Peace

Uniting in the movement of this season, we close our celebration sharing with one another the greeting of peace as a blessing for these days.



This Ash Wednesday Liturgy was planned by Diann Neu for WATER's Feminist Spirituality Series "New Wine in New Wine Skins."

Palm Sunday Liturgy



"Breaking Silence"

Preparation

This celebration includes a procession that is best held outside in a yard, park or open space. This is a festive celebration. Have people play recorders and flutes. Bring in the clowns to march around carrying balloons. (Children love to paint their faces!) Invite dancers to wave flags or chiffon scarves. People will carry palms. Invite people in your group to help create the festive mood.

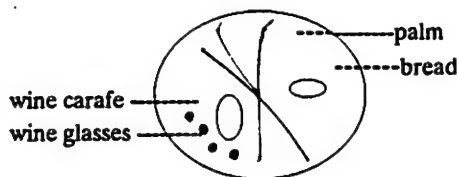
Gather enough palms for each one to take home a year's supply. You will also need red wine in a carafe (glass is preferred), wine glasses and bread of various ethnic groups (tortilla, pita, small loaf, challa, chapatti...).

The celebration centers around three different places: Stations 1 and 2 outside for the palms and a place inside for the passion. Set the stations as follows:

Station 1: a cinder block, small table or footstool for the proclaimer;

Station 2: an artistic array of palms, perhaps on a small tree trunk, around a barrel or by a tree; a foot stool for the storyteller;

Inside: celebration table as follows.



Ask three participants to be blessers: one each to bless palms, wine and bread. You will also need one proclaimer, three echoes, one reader, one storyteller and three leaders -- one for the Introduction and Call to Celebration, one for the Litany and one for the Greeting of Peace.

Introduction

[Begin the liturgy by inviting people to gather outside, perhaps around back steps. Go around the group inviting each person to speak her/his name and something about her/himself.]

Music Practice, Instructions

[The musicians teach the songs if they are new. Give any simple instructions your group will need for the celebration.]

Call to Celebration

Palm Sunday focuses the paradox
of the passion... warm welcome...
popular acclamation... great victory...
glorious festivity... are part of the red carpet
treatment Jesus is given as he
rides into Jerusalem.
Festivity fills the air as the excited crowd
receives the Saviour.

And yet, not so soon after,
this same person is betrayed and pushed down,
arrested and killed.

The one, blessed by God,
who brings peace and happiness
is put to death.

The stories of many women's lives follow
a similar pattern.

Today we gather to break the silence of
oppression.

We celebrate festivity and death,
the paradoxes of our lives.

The Palms: Proclamation

[A percussion instrument like a triangle announces the beginning of the celebration.]

"If they were to keep silence, (Lk 19:40)
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*

Palm Sunday

Processional Song:

"Women are Rising" by Carolyn McDade

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Women are rising o'er the land
o'er the land, my sisters
Women are rising o'er the land
In solidarity, till all of us are free
And the world will never be the same, no
more
The world will never be the same

Women are dancing....

Station 1

[The procession stops. All gather around the person who will proclaim the Isaiah reading. This person stands on a small stool, tree trunk or cinder block to be seen.]

Proclamation

"If they were to keep silence, (Lk 19:40)
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*

Reading

Isaiah 50:4-9a is proclaimed.

The Sovereign God has given me
the tongue of those who are taught,
that I may know how to sustain with a word
one who is weary.

Morning by morning God awakens,
God wakens my ear to hear as those
who are taught.

The Sovereign God has opened my ear,
and I was not rebellious, I turned
not backward.

I gave my back to the smiters,
and my cheeks to those who pulled
out my hair;

I hid not my face from shame and spitting.

For the Sovereign God helps me;
therefore I have not been confounded;
therefore I have set my face like a flint,
and I know that I shall not be put to
shame;
the one who vindicates me is near.
Who will contend with me?
Let us stand together.
Who are my adversaries?
Let them come near to me.
Behold, the Sovereign God helps me;
who will declare me guilty?

Song: "Women are Rising"

[Procession moves festively to Station 2.]

Women are rising o'er the land
O'er the land, my sisters
Women are rising o'er the land
In solidarity, till all of us are free
And the world will never be the same, no
more
The world will never be the same
Women are playing...
[Ask people to add verses.]

Station 2

[Palms are at this station. All gather around the storyteller, who stands on a stool, cinder block or tree trunk.]

Proclamation

"If they were to keep silence, (Lk 19:40)
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*
the very stones would cry out. *[Echo in
another language]*

Storytelling

[The gospel for Palm Sunday, Luke 19:28-40, is rendered in storytelling style in the storyteller's own words. If you have mimes in your group who want to take part, good. Emphasize "Blessed is the one who comes in the name of our God" and end with this sentence.]

Palm Sunday

Litany Response

[Invite people to name those blessed ones who come in the name of our God--the women who by breaking silence proclaim the presence of the Holy One. An example is: "Rosa Parks you are blessed because your refusal to give up your seat and move to the back of the bus catalyzed the civil rights movement in this country."]

Blessing of Palms

[The blesser picks up the palm, waves it around the group and blesses it in her own words, gathering up the experience of the celebration. She concludes by inviting all to raise their palms as they sing.]

Song: "Women are Rising"

[The Procession moves into the house or wherever the celebration will continue.]

Women are rising o'er the land
O'er the land, my sisters
Women are rising o'er the land
In solidarity, till all of us are free
And the world will never be the same,
no more
The world will never be the same

Women are weaving...
[Ask people to add verses.]

[When inside, circle the celebration table and sing:]
Women are circling o'er the land...

The Passion

The passion of Jesus Christ is told today through the passion of women's lives. We all know the story of the Passion. We have heard it year after year; we have lived it year after year. Let's take time to remember together the story of Jesus' passion. Speak aloud a phrase or incident of the passion you remember and then pour some wine into a glass.

[Each woman remembers, speaks, pours wine.]

Reading

"I Do Not Have Tomorrow" *[Echo in other languages]*

remembering everyone, everywhere, who
have died for
reasons of race and religion

What shall I say in my sorrow
to whom cry for help
as my brother beats me into the earth
of the field we ploughed together?

I do not have tomorrow. *[Echo in other languages]*

So I give you back your wage of sorrow
your song of hate, your gift of death.

But I have tears to share, tears of the
hunted hare;
tears of despair not knowing why
my helplessness, my terror, knowing I must
die.

Knowing I must die on your breast, my
mother.
Knowing I must die by your hand, my
brother.

I meet with darkness in the daytime
and grope in the noon light as in the night,
walking this desolate place
where my brother has torn me limb from
limb
and eaten my heart for a feast.

Our faces are foul with weeping
and on our eyelids is the darkness of death.
Earth, open yourself for our blood
that it will pour,
cleansing the stench of this hatred,
to rise resurrected in the sun.

Nothing is dead, I told myself
turning over to die as my brother beat me
again
into the earth of the field we ploughed
together.

Palm Sunday

A host of broken dying faces sigh,
they burn, they beat, they rape,
they kill me--why?

You have no face my brother, but your
hands are red;
can I now give you back this bloody
mush -room
that was once my head?

And tell me, if you know
why those wet trembling hands
have left me dead.

Will life renew this body?
Will I return to this retreating world
to be trapped again into a tradition?
To be subdued again into ashes of sorrow?

I do not have tomorrow. *[Echo in other
languages.]*
Will you weep for me as I will weep for you
knowing not why the sun has become such
shadow.

Will you ever understand my sorrow?
I must go now, I must go alone
there is no one
no sun
no tomorrow. *[Echo in other languages.]*
Nalini Jayasuriya, Sri Lanka,
Voices of Women: An Asian Anthology

Litany Remembering the Dead and Blessing the Bread

*[The bleaser invites all to remember people
who have died, saying their names out loud and
breaking a piece of bread in their memory.]*

Blessing of Wine

*[The bleaser blesses the wine with her own
gestures and words as she gathers together the feelings
of the group. All are invited to drink wine and eat
bread in silence to commemorate the dead.]*

Greeting of Peace

*[This greeting is to reverence the scars and
deaths in one another. The leader introduces it as a
greeting of healing.]*

Song: "For Everyone You Take"

by Marsie Silvestro

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For everyone you take ten more will come
We're women rising up we shall not be
undone

We circle mother earth and we hear her cry
For the sake of your children do not let me
die

For everyone you take ten more will come
We're women rising up we shall not be
undone

We circle mother earth and we hear her
song

For the sake of all life let there be no bombs

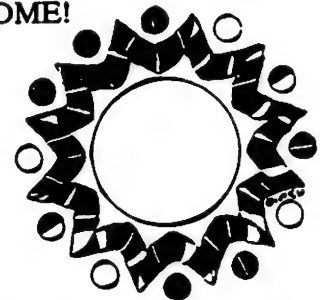
For everyone you take ten more will come
We're women rising up we shall not be
undone

We circle mother earth as our sister and
friend

And we'll circle her for peace again and
again

For everyone you take ten more will come
We're women rising up we shall not be
undone

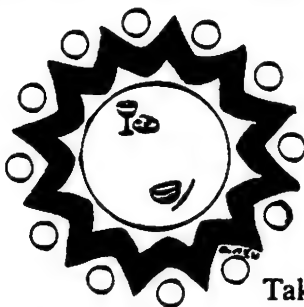
For everyone you take TEN MORE WILL
COME!



*This Palm Sunday liturgy was planned by Diann Neu
for this liturgy resource.*

Holy Thursday Liturgy:

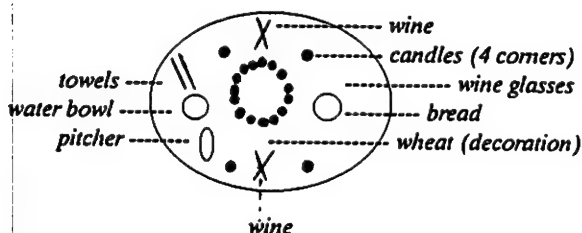
"Nourishment for Justice-Seeking People"



Preparation

This celebration includes a potluck meal, thus the celebration table is the dining table. Gather symbols for the table. You will need four candles, a pitcher of water and a large bowl (Latin American if possible), two towels, two carafes of wine, two loaves of bread. Wheat for decoration is a lovely artistic extra. (Remember to save enough bread and wine for Good Friday.)

Set the table as follows:



Put a pitcher of water, a bowl, towels, wine glasses and bread on a side table. They will be brought to the table as needed. (Take chairs away from the table.)

Ask six participants to be blessers and one to be the questioner. Invite them to use their own words, using the blessings here as models. You will need one leader for the Introduction and the Call to Celebration.

Introduction

[Begin the liturgy by inviting people to stand in a circle around the table. Introduce yourself and welcome the group. Spend a few minutes going around the circle letting each person tell her/his name and what Holy Thursday means to her/him.]

Music Practice, Instructions

[The musician teaches the song "Renew the Earth," inviting people to use gestures for the refrain. Song sheets need to be on the edge of the table so hands are free, but verses are near.]

Take Time Right hand with palm open moves forward and upward from the right side of body.

People Left hand with palm open moves forward and upward from the left side of body.

Renew the Earth Both arms raised over head, cross at wrists with hands closed. When singing "Renew" hands burst open, arms uncross.

[After the music practice and instructions, the lights go off, one candle is lit and scripture is proclaimed.]

Scripture Reading

Exodus 12: 1-14 is proclaimed.

God said to Moses and Aaron (and Miriam) in the land of Egypt, "This month shall be for you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year for you. Tell all the congregation of Israel that on the tenth day of this month they shall take every one a lamb according to their families' houses, a lamb for a household; and if the household is too small for a lamb, two households shall take according to the number of persons; according to what each can eat you shall make your count for the lamb. Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male a year old; you shall take it from the sheep or from the goats; and you shall keep it until the fourteenth day of this month when the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill their lambs in the evening. Then they shall take some of the

Holy Thursday

blood, and put it on the two doorposts and the lintel of the houses in which they eat them. They shall eat the flesh that night, roasted; with unleavened bread and bitter herbs they shall eat it. Do not eat any of it raw or boiled with water, but roasted, its head with its legs and its inner parts. And you shall let none of it remain until the morning, anything that remains until the morning you shall burn. In this manner you shall eat it: your loins girded, your sandals on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and you shall eat it in haste. It is the passover of God. For I will pass through the land of Egypt that night, and I will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both human and animal; and on all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgments: I am the Sovereign One. The blood shall be a sign for you, upon the houses where you are; and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and no plague shall fall upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.

This day shall be for you a memorial day, and you shall keep it as a feast to God; throughout your generations you shall observe it as an ordinance for ever.

Question

Why is this night different from every other night of the year?

Why do we tell the stories of our past on this night?

Why do we come together to break bread and to bless ourselves as Women Church?

Call To Celebration

by Mary E. Hunt

"This day is to be a day of remembrance for you, and you must celebrate it as a feast in Yahweh's honor. For all generations you are to declare it a day of festival, for ever." Exodus 12:14

Some might say this night is not different from any other night... except that we are gathered in a large group for our meal and yet, this night is different because it is the passover of our God. And this night is different because we choose to make it so, to focus in a special way on the situation in which we live. It is a rite of spring to prepare us to work one more season for justice while people go hungry, the poor are homeless, the people of Central America live in the terror of our government and the black people of South Africa suffer apartheid. Even the professional justice workers among us make this night different - seeing all of those stark realities day in day out that tonight we may glimpse in the candles and feel in our meal together a glimmer of hope, a well prepared foretaste of what we believe it ought to be for all everywhere.

We do more than reminisce tonight. We lift up, affirm, and celebrate the fact that others before us did not lose faith. Nor do we have the luxury to lose faith when justice beckons. That is why we retell the stories tonight, to keep real faith.

Tonight we pay more than lip service to life's contradiction... We taste and see the goodness of our God... We chew on injustice - women beaten, the poor left aside, women harassed by the Vatican, Nicaraguans harassed by the CIA, we acting badly toward one another at times. It leaves more than a bitter taste in our mouths. We want to spew it all forth that we might cleanse our palates like religious gourmards to nibble at the sweet fruit of justice. We have tasted it in small doses, when record numbers of people register to vote, when rapists are told in no uncertain terms that no means no, when women fly in space and when young women begin to learn women's history in school. Then we have tasted it in our lifetime so that at least we know the difference between bitter injustice and sweet peace.

But why do it through the breaking of the bread as Women-Church and not some other way? Because this is our way, as Christian women who refuse to have our heritage taken from us, and who instead stand tall together, breaking the bread in memory of her and of him and of us and of them. Let all of Women-Church bless one another saying **Amen. Amen.** So be it. Blessed Be.

Holy Thursday

Song: "Renew the Earth" by Marsie Silvestro

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Refrain: Take time, sisters,
renew the earth
Reclaim rebirth.....renew

As women who are daring
Standing strong with care
We join our lives of Gospel love
Whose faithfulness we bear

Question

Why do we light candles tonight?

Candle Blessing

[Lighting the candles, the blessing says:]

We light the candles tonight because we celebrate together Passover and Easter. We celebrate spring, the season of light, when the long winter is over and the plants reach up into the light for nourishment and they grow. We share a meal by candlelight; it is romantic, gentle, soft, traditional. And we bless the candles together, using the formula of our ancient Jewish ancestors:

[Speak in Hebrew or Greek, if possible.]

Blessed are you, Holy One, All in All, who has sanctified us by your love and commanded us to kindle the festival lights. Blessed are you God/ess who keeps us alive and sustains us. You have brought us into this season and into all the seasons. May this house and all who are in it tonight be consecrated by your countenance shining upon us in blessing and bringing us peace. Amen!

Song: "Renew the Earth"

Our lives cry out for justice
Whose voice will never tire
For we carry deep within our hearts
Its searing light of fire

Refrain: Take time, sisters,
renew the earth
Reclaim rebirth.....renew

Question

[Water blessing brings bowl, pitcher and towels to table.]

Why do we wash our hands tonight?

Hand Washing

We wash our own hands tonight because the Gospel tells us that washing feet is never enough. As women we dip our hands into a Latin American pot, a symbol of our solidarity with the people of Latin America, especially of Central America. As North Americans we wash our hands not to symbolize our being absolved from guilt. Rather, we wash our hands in preparation for active solidarity which we must engage in during the weeks and months ahead as our government continues its treacherous, death-dealing policies. We wash our hands in the common pot, knowing that our sisters in Latin America gather around their common pots to feed their families.

[The blessing blesses the water with her own words, using Spanish if possible, while pouring the water dramatically into the bowl. She invites each one to wash her hands.]

Song: "Renew the Earth"

As women we shall gather
As water the flow descends
Calling forth, empowering
We bless each other again

Refrain: Take time, sisters,
renew the earth
Reclaim rebirth.....renew

Holy Thursday

Question

[Wine blesser brings wine and glasses to the table.]

Why do we drink from the fruit of the vine tonight?

Wine Blessing

[Lifting up the wine, the blesser says:]

It was the night before he died that Jesus, while eating a meal like this with his friends, took the cup of blessing, gave praise and thanks for all that is good, and shared the wine with his friends saying, "Take this, all of you and drink it, for this is the sign of a new covenant, the promise of life everlasting. Do this, and whenever you drink it, remember that I live in your midst." And so we drink this cup together, assured of the promise of salvation and strengthened to live and work in solidarity.

[Several women pour wine in each glass from the decanters and offer a toast: "To us, sisters, friends, strugglers for justice." Other toasts may be offered spontaneously here.]

Song: "Renew the Earth"

As women we shall gather
To greet our sister earth
With gentle hands, we raise her up
Proclaiming her new birth

Refrain: Take time, sisters,
renew the earth
Reclaim rebirth.....renew

Question

[Bread blesser brings bread to the table.]

Why do we eat from one bread tonight?

Bread Blessing

[Lifting up the bread, the blesser says:]

It was that same night, while Jesus and his friends were drinking and sharing at the table, that he took bread, and after giving thanks he broke it and gave it to those gathered saying, "Take this, all of you and eat it. This is my body which shall be given up for all." So too do we eat bread together tonight, women gathered in sisterhood, that we might be nourished and kept strong for the journey.

Song: "Renew the Earth"

As women we have the power
To change bombs into bread
We shall not trade our living ones
To be counted among the dead

Refrain: Take time, sisters,
renew the earth
Reclaim rebirth.....renew

Question

[Others bring food to the table.]

Why do we come together to dine tonight?

Food Blessing

[Gesturing to the food, the blesser says:]

We share the food together tonight because we know that bread and wine are never enough. We need the nurture, nutrition and sustenance which come from collective meals, the enjoyment of one another's company and the physical strength we derive from the food itself. So I invite you to eat and eat heartily -- to come to know that the work of solidarity, like a good meal, can never be fully appreciated alone, but always in good company.

[Food is brought to the table as the song is sung.]

Holy Thursday

Song: "Renew the Earth"

The wind of change is stirring
Giving each one what they need
We breathe the breath of human care
And the right to dignity

Refrain: Take time, sisters,
renew the earth
Reclaim rebirth.....renew

Meal Sharing

*[When the meal is finished, ring a dinner bell
or sound a triangle to gather people around the table.]*

Question

Why do we bless one another as we leave
tonight?

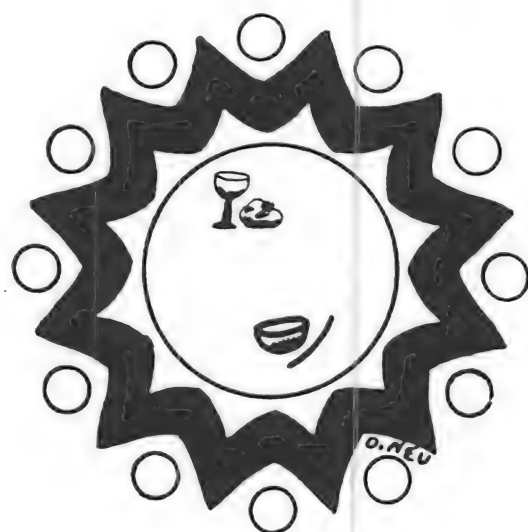
Blessing for the Journey

*[The blessing offers this blessing in her own
words. She gathers together the evening, captures the
spirit and sends people forth to fast for Good Friday.
The evening ends with a warm greeting of peace.]*

Song: "Renew the Earth"

As women who are daring
Standing strong with care
We join our lives of Gospel love
Whose faithfulness we bear

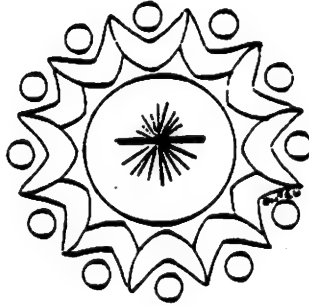
Refrain: Take time, sisters,
renew the earth
Reclaim rebirth.....renew



This Holy Thursday liturgy was planned by Diann Neu and Mary E. Hunt, co-directors of WATER, the Women's Alliance for Theology, Ethics and Ritual, for a SAS liturgy. SAS, Sisters Against Sexism, is a women's base community in the Washington, DC area that has been meeting bi-weekly for the past ten years.

Good Friday Liturgy:

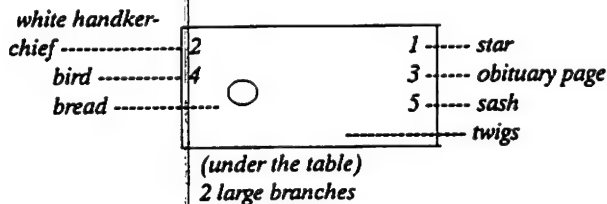
"Reverencing Women's Suffering"



Preparation

Gather symbols for the celebration: a pile of twigs, two long and large branches, a piece of rope, bread and wine from the Holy Thursday celebration. You will also need symbols for the readers: 1) star of Judea (two yellow triangles taped to make a six-pointed star with "Judea" written through the center); 2) large white handkerchief; 3) obituary page from the newspaper; 4) white paper bird (cut from plain white paper); 5) Guatemalan or red sash.

Set the celebration table as part of the circle. (You need space for mimes.) Set the table as follows:



Another small table is placed as part of the circle. It will be for bread and wine only.

Ask two women to be mimes for the celebration. (If they have never mimed before, now is the time to enjoy this art!) The mimes will facilitate. They wear white face and simple dress. (Black leotards and wrap-around skirts are good) The piece of rope is held by one of the mimes.

Ask seven participants to be readers and one to be narrator. You will need two leaders besides the mimes: one for the Introduction and one for the Reflection.

Introduction

[Begin the liturgy by introducing yourselves around the circle. Along with your name finish the sentence, "On Good Friday I want to remember..." An example is: "I want to remember the elderly who have died alone." Or, "I remember the Ethiopians dying of starvation."]

Music Practice, Instructions

[The musicians teach the songs if they are new. Give any simple instructions your group will need for the celebration.]

Call to Celebration

[The lights dim and two mimists position themselves beside the celebration table. They kneel, sitting back on their heels.

A light spots the twigs and branches as the song "It Could Have Been Me" begins. The mimes bow, take the bread and wine and slowly move them to the table on the other side of the circle. Placing the bread and wine on the table, they bow again briefly, return to the table with twigs and sit back on their heels.]

Good Friday

Song: "It Could Have Been Me" by Holly Near

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It could have been me, but instead it was
you
So I'll keep doing the work you were doing
As if I were two
I'll be a student of life, a singer of songs
A farmer of food, and a righter of wrong
It could have been me, but instead it was
you
And it may be me, dear sisters and brothers
Before we are through

But if you can die for freedom, freedom,
freedom, freedom
If you can die for freedom, I can too.

[After a dramatic pause, the mimes each pick up a large branch, show them to the group, hit them together in the shape of a cross (making a loud sound) and tie the two pieces of wood together. They then throw the cross to the center of the table. During the reading, the mimes put their bodies in different suffering positions.]

Narrator

[Narrator begins each section with a part of Dorothee Solle's poem, "To Crucify."]

To crucify *[Echo in other languages]*
to execute--to despair of--to get out
of the way-
to put in solitary--to leave an elec-
tric light on day and night--
to sentence for life--to order
special treatment

Dorothee Soelle, "To Crucify," *Of War and Love*.
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Reading 1

[Mime 1 picks up the star of Judea from the celebration table and pins it on the first Reader.]

Introduction: Patricia Shechter, coming from a Jewish family, expresses the horror of the Holocaust.

"Mothers of Israel"

The train is crowded and noisy and rides for
days.
We have no food. Where are we going?
No one knows for certain but all are afraid.

Come please with me - I am afraid alone.

Yellow stars blink out in the dark.
The train has no windows and stale air
hangs like a shroud.
When the train stops at the siding
I hear the soldiers cursing and laughing.

Come please with me -
I fear the unknown destination.

It is cold inside, unrelieved
by bodies packed together.
Fear is cold and numbing.
Already ten are dead and others wonder
if dead is not better.
Still the soldiers laugh and curse.

Come please with me - The night is endless
silence.

Perhaps together we will find
a way to survive, even to laugh again.
Together we will be companions
clothed in stars of David and nightfall.
Still the soldiers curse and laugh,
mocking the God of Israel.

Come please with me -
Sarah and Rachel, Rebecca and Ruth,
Deborah and Esther, Mothers of Israel.
They cannot slaughter us all.

Patricia Schechter, "Mothers of Israel."
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Response

[The reader goes to the celebration table, picks up a twig, breaks it and throws it on the table.]

Good Friday

Song: "It Could Have Been Me"

It could have been me, but instead it was
you
So I'll keep doing the work you were doing
As if I were two
I'll be a student of life, a singer of songs
A farmer of Food, and a righter of wrong
It could have been me, but instead it was
you
And it may be me, dear sisters and brothers
Before we are through
But if you can work for freedom, freedom,
freedom, freedom
If you can work for freedom, I can too.

Narrator

To crucify [*Echo in other languages*]
to do away with--to destroy--to
liquidate--
to wipe out--to purge--to expel--
to straighten out--to streamline--
to urban renew--to evict
to threaten eviction--to do some
one in

Reading 2

[*Mime 2 picks up a white handkerchief, folds it as a triangle and ties it around the head of Reader 2.*]

Introduction: Risking their own safety, women all over Latin America have confronted authorities demanding the release of their missing loved ones or acknowledgment of their death. In Argentina the Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo march weekly. They wear white handkerchiefs on their heads with the name, date of birth and date of disappearance of their loved ones.

White handkerchief, white handkerchief,
you go looking and walking.
White handkerchief, like the dove of peace
you represent the dignity of a woman
injured but not overcome...

You are the woman worker,
the employee, the woman student,
you are the one who struggles day and
night,
the one who laughs and cries,
you are the history of my people who
struggled,
who struggle and who will continue to
struggle
until love will be true,
until there is liberty for all.

*Madres de la Plaza de Mayo, "Panuelo Blanco"
Cantos de Vida, Amor y Libertad.*

Response

[*The reader goes to the celebration table, picks up a twig, breaks it and throws it on the table.*]

Song: "It Could Have Been Me"

It could have been me, but instead it was
you
So I'll keep doing the work you were doing
As if I were two
I'll be a student of life, a singer of songs
A farmer of food, and a righter of wrong
It could have been me, but instead it was
you
And it may be me, dear sisters and brothers
Before we are through
But if you can march for freedom, freedom,
freedom, freedom,
If you can march for freedom, I can too.

Good Friday

Narrator

To crucify [*Echo in other languages*]
to provide no place to live--to keep
from learning a trade--
to put in an institution--to kick out
of a resort--
to be offended in our aesthetic
sensibilities--
to be unable to bear the sight of--
to not want our neighborhood
ruined--to gas

Reading 3

[Mime 1 picks up the obituary page and pins it to the front of Reader 3.]

Introduction: Rosa Judith Cisneros, a forty-two-year-old attorney, was murdered August 18, 1981, in El Salvador, for no apparent reason, according to a story on page 1 of the Los Angeles Times, August 19, 1981.

Christ died for all men (and for women, too, we are told), they say.

And for us Christians that is supposed to be sufficient explanation why Christ dies.

Rosa Judith Cisneros died for women (and can't that include men, too?) it appears.

And yet the Times headline reads, "Rights Champion Slain--No One Is Sure Why."

Christ was slain by all those in power: government, ecclesiastical, even foreigner.

Rosa Judith Cisneros may have been slain by the Right, or the Left; she had enemies in both camps, the paper says.

And yet the Times subhead reads: "Cisneros: Rights Campaigner Slain, but No One Is Sure Why."

Christ went to the cross as his ultimate expression of love; there was no other way, we are told.

Rosa Judith Cisneros was machinegunned

down by a carload of men, and shot three times again when she struggled to rise.

And yet the Times quotes a diplomat who knew her:

"It is one's ultimate personal statement -- to die -- and how ironic that no one should know the reason for which Rosa Cisneros had to die."

Christ fed the hungry, healed the lame and ministered to the dying, the dispossessed, the criminal, the despised.

Rosa Judith Cisneros was director of a group which teaches women birth control and works for women's rights and she also helped peasant farmers of both sexes.

Christ confused people by associating with (besides lost sheep from the House of David) Pharisees, Publicans, Canaanites, Samaritans, any who needed him.

Cisneros confused reporters, at least the man writing for the Times, by helping peasants, the province of the left, and promoting family planning, the province of the right (with major funding coming from the United States.)

Christ spoke in parables:

"The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed, which a man takes and sows in his field..."

Cisneros spoke in parables:

"There was a farmer who said, 'My wife doesn't work. I work.'"

The wife rose two hours earlier than the husband, to gather firewood, and went to sleep two hours later, after scouring pots and pans,

'But your wife does not work?'

And the farmer replied, 'No, I told you. I work. She doesn't.'"

The news story, after citing Cisneros' parable, hazards:

"Such stories may have earned her enemies with the chauvinist Right wing.

"But the Left wing has been also known to kill those attempting to improve the status of the poor, for which it wished to be the sole benefactor."

Good Friday

Christ may have infuriated the rich, or the poor, the Priests of the Levites, the Israelites, the Canaanites...we have only a rough idea who ran with that raging mob.

Cisneros probably infuriated the rich and the poor and the Left and the Right...and at least today we don't know who showered the bloodbath (perhaps tomorrow's headlines will tell).

Christ died for all men (women too); there was no other way, we are told.

Cisneros died for all the women she knew, and men too, and to me this is so utterly obvious.

And I rage and scream because a woman's death as an ultimate statement of love goes down in the news headlined, "No One Is Sure Why."

(I suppose I should be grateful the story ran on page 1.)

"My God," my cry goes up. "How long?"

*Barbara S. Larson, "A Woman's Ransom."
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Response

[When the reading ends, the reader picks up a twig, breaks it, throws it on the table and returns to her chair.]

Song: "It Could Have Been Me"

It could have been me, but instead it was
you

So I'll keep doing the work you were doing
as if I were two

I'll be a student of life, a singer of songs
A farmer of food, and a righter of wrong
It could have been me, but instead it was
you

And it may be me, dear sisters and brothers
Before we are through

But if you can die for freedom, freedom,
freedom, freedom

If you can die for freedom, I can too

Narrator

To crucify *[Echo in other languages]*
to send to a state welfare home--
to turn into a criminal--
to encourage dependency--
to addict--
to foster neurosis--to intimidate--
to stupefy--to pull the rug from
under--
to cow--to brutalize

Reading 4

[Mime 2 picks up the white dove and pins it on Reader 4.]

Introduction: Nid, a twenty-two year-old physiology student at Mahidol University in Thailand, sang "For the People" at the demonstration against the return of Field Marshal Thanom to her country. Police attacked and killed the unarmed students. Nid was machine-gunned and died.

If I were a bird, and able to fly afar,
I would like to be a white dove
to guide the people to freedom.

If I were the cloud in the sky
I would shelter and bring rains to the rice
field.

If I were a grain of sand, I would throw
myself down
to make a path for the people.

I will sacrifice my life for the suffering
people.

I would sacrifice myself, no matter how
many times
I would have to die.

*Nid, Thailand, "For the People"
Voices of Women: An Asian Anthology*

Good Friday

Narrator

To crucify *[Echo in other languages]*
to forget--to conceal--to not want to
make a fuss about
to repress--to not have known
about it--
to consider it an isolated case--
to call it inevitable--to let it happen

Song: "It Could Have Been Me"

It could have been me, but instead it was
you
So I'll keep doing the work you were doing
As if I were two
I'll be a student of life, a singer of songs
A farmer of food, and a righter of wrong
It could have been me, but instead it was
you
And it may be me, dear sisters and brothers
Before we are through

But if you can die for freedom, freedom,
freedom, freedom
If you can die for freedom, I can too.

Reading 5

*[Mime picks up Guatemalan or red sash and
ties it around the head of the reader.]*

Introduction: Julia Esquivel, exiled Guatemalan poet, recounts the atrocities women experience in her war torn country.

You ask me, my sister, how have I made it this far?

It was really very simple, to begin with
they removed one of my arms.

The man who thought himself most qualified
pulled the hardest.
He wanted to appropriate for himself
the very life force which gave my arm strength
and movement.
In this way, he imposed on me his macho rights.

It was the same arm with which I had fraternally
shared with him Light and Bread
when he was once in great need.

He had decided to overcome me
with that blind obstinacy
all of us women know so well.

While the others, standing by neutral,
watched with "cold objectivity"
and concluded that a woman's arm
was of no importance.

From the force exerted
the joint began to give way
until the limb parted from my body, while the
others, still neutral,
watched until the mutilation was complete,
choosing to keep their united male silence.

Alone with God, I dried my tears.
The hemorrhaging slowly stopped,
but the pain lasted for centuries.

Suddenly the new arm was created
strong and pliable like freshly baked bread.

And, my heart?
I'll tell you:

As I was sleeping peacefully,
I dreamt of friendship and joy.
But an icy cold penetrated my whole being
and the pain awoke me.
In that tunnel of death
I live through the horror of hell.

While I was still dreaming
they, the same ones, ripped out my heart
and took off with it like booty.

They left behind only that which they thought
useless.

They took away everything except the Spirit,
which they were incapable of seeing.
From it life was reborn,
a new path was opened up
and the darkness became Light for me.

Good Friday

Del escandalo
de la Cruz
al asombro jubiloso
de la Magdalena,
todo lo he recorrido.
A veces llorando,
a veces cantando.

Con el corazon
de tu pueblo
en el pecho abierto,
he resurgido
a la Vida
y por ella al futuro.
Como Tu, Guatemala!

So I have experienced
all of it
from the scandal
of the Cross
to the joyous surprise
of Mary Magdalene.
Sometimes weeping
sometimes singing.

With the heart
of my people
burning in my breast
I have regained Life
and with it the Future
Like you, Guatemala!

*Julia Esquivel, "Parable," Threatened with Resurrection.
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Response

*[As the reading ends, the reader takes a twig,
breaks it, puts it on the table and raises the cross.]*

Song: "It Could Have Been Me"

It could have been me, but instead it was
you
So I'll keep doing the work you were doing
As if I were two
I'll be a student of life, a singer of songs
A farmer of food, and a righter of wrong
It could have been me, but instead it was
you
And it may be me, dear sisters and brothers
Before we are through

But if you can live for freedom, freedom,
freedom, freedom
If you can live for freedom, I can too.

Narrator

To crucify *[Echo in other languages]*
to bump off--to silence for good--
to bind and gag--
to deprive of language--
to make deaf and dumb--to plug the
ears--

to put off with false hopes--to blind-
fold--to gouge out the eyes--
to turn into consumers--
to blind--to stifle

Sharing of Reflections

*[Invite the people gathered to share their
experiences of death, pain, suffering. After each shar-
ing, the one who shared a story goes to the celebration
table, takes a twig, breaks it, throws it on the table and
returns to her chair.]*

Scripture Response

*[While this reading is proclaimed, one mime
acts out the suffering servant, the other becomes "the
many."]*

Isaiah 52:13 - 53:12 is proclaimed.

Behold, my servant shall prosper,
shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be
very high.
As many were astonished at the one
whose appearance was so marred, beyond
human semblance,
and whose form beyond that of human
beings,
so many nations will be startled;
rulers shall shut their mouths because of my
servant;
for that which has not been told them they shall see,
and that which they have not heard they
shall understand.
Who has believed what we have heard?
And to whom has the arm of God been
revealed?
For the servant grew up before God like a young
plant,
and like a root out of dry ground,
with no form or comeliness that we should admire,
and no beauty that we should desire.
The servant was despised and rejected by everyone,
was full of sorrows, and acquainted with
grief,
and as one from whom people hide their faces,
was despised and not esteemed by us.

Good Friday

Surely this one has borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed the servant stricken,
smitten by God, and afflicted.
But this servant was wounded for our transgressions,
was bruised for our iniquities,
bore the chastisement that made us whole
and the stripes by which we are healed.
All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have turned everyone to our own way;
and God has laid on this one the iniquity of us all.

The servant was oppressed, and was afflicted,
yet did not say a word;
like a lamb that is led to slaughter,
and like a ewe that before her shearers is dumb,
the servant did not say a word.
By oppression and judgment the servant was taken away,
and as for that one's generation, who considered that
the servant was cut off out of the land of the living,
stricken for the transgression of my people?
Although the servant had done no violence
and had spoken no deceit,
the servant was buried with the wicked,
and with the rich in death.
Yet it was the will of God to bruise
and put to grief this one,
who, after choosing to become an offering for sin,
shall see offspring, and enjoy long life,
the will of God shall prosper in the servant's hand;
my servant shall see the fruit of the soul's travail
and be satisfied;
by knowledge shall the righteous one, my servant,
make many to be accounted righteous,
and shall bear their iniquities.
Therefore I will divide for this one
a portion with the great,
and my servant shall divide the spoil with the strong;
because my servant poured out self unto death,
and was numbered with the transgressors;
yet bore the sin of many,
and made intercession for transgressors.

[At the conclusion of this, there will be a congregational response by a gesture. Both mimes will step forward and move around the circle in opposite directions. As they do this, they will slowly lift one hand high. When they come full circle, they will turn, move around the circle and lift the other hand high to join the first. The people imitate their movement. When the mimes are back together, they will slowly bring both hands down in front. The congregation imitates them. The mimes then bring the bread and wine to the celebration table.]

Sharing Food

[Bread and wine are passed around the circle. (Note: They are not blessed during this service because they were blessed at the Holy Thursday service.)]

Blessing for the Journey

[The blessing invites everyone to stand and gather close in a circle. She offers the blessing in her own words, gathering together the spirit of the worship.]

Song: "Blessing Song" by Marsie Silvestro

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Bless you my sister...Bless you on your way
You have roads to roam...before you're home
And winds to speak your name.

So go gently my sister...Let courage be your song
You have words to say...in your own way
And stars to light your night

And if ever you grow weary
And your heart's song has no refrain
Just remember we'll be waiting
To raise you up again

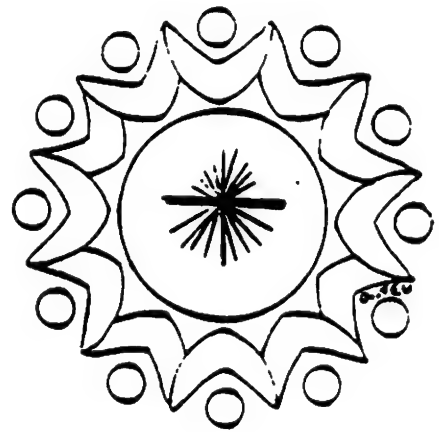
And we'll bless you our sister...Bless you in our way
And we'll welcome home...all the life you've known
And softly speak your name

Oh we'll welcome home...all the self you own
And softly speak your name

Good Friday

Greeting of Peace

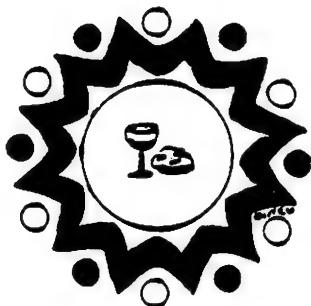
[As the song concludes, the mimes embrace each other. Others imitate them, reverencing the suffering in one another.]



This Good Friday Liturgy was planned by Diann Neu and Barbara Cullom for a SAS liturgy.

The Easter Vigil:

"Proclaiming New Life"



Preparation

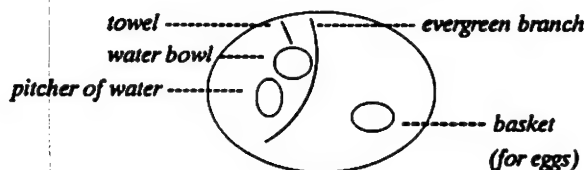
[As preparation for the Easter Vigil, some of our group went on an overnight retreat after the Good Friday liturgy. Many of us (women and children) gathered in one home for Friday night and Saturday retreat. Others, unable to join us for the retreat, arrived for the Easter Vigil. This all added to the anticipation and to the festivity.]

The Vigil begins at sundown. It includes an egg hunt and a meal. An outside area is needed for hiding eggs, if the weather is warm. The first part of the celebration takes place outside; the second, inside around an hors d'oeuvre table; the third, around the dining table which is set as elegantly as possible.

Dye eggs with children and adults as a preparation for the celebration. Gather symbols for the celebration tables: water bowl, pitcher of water, towel, evergreen branch, basket, charcoal burner, kindling, small candles for each participant, large candle, wine, hors d'oeuvres, food for the meal. Use some of the same symbols you have used for the other Lenten liturgies to give a continuity to the celebration.

This Easter celebration begins with the children hiding eggs for the adults to find. Let this happen about one hour before dusk. (You need the lighting of the fire to coincide with sunset.)

Set the celebration table outside as follows:



Set the hors d'oeuvre table inside. Set the dining table as elegantly as possible.

Enlist participants to do readings and blessings. You will need six readers and four blessers. Invite children to play musical instruments. You will need two leaders--one for the Introduction and Call to Worship, one for the Sending Forth to the Egg Hunt and the Reflection.

Introduction

[After the children have hidden the eggs, they invite everyone to gather outside in a circle on the grass. Begin the liturgy by introducing yourselves and saying what new life means to you.]

Music Practice, Instructions

[The musicians teach the songs if they are new. Give any simple instructions your group will need for the celebration.]

Call to Celebration

This eve
as the sun sets
and the moon rises
we gather in joyous festivity
as Women-Church,
in unity with all of Women-Church
throughout the world--past, present, future
and in communion with the Christian community.
We have spent the day together
"on retreat."

Easter Vigil

We have given attention to readying ourselves
our house
one another
our world
to proclaim New Life!
On this night,
Jesus,
the light of the world,
the liberator of the oppressed
rose from the dead
breaking the chains of bondage
and making liberation our heritage.
Women were the first ones
to see, believe
and proclaim the Good News.
We gather on this Easter Vigil
as Women-Church who see, believe and proclaim
the Good News.
Our Easter vigil symbols
of eggs, water, fire and food
make visible
our commitments to
the wisdom of Sisterhood
the responsibility of Baptism
the transformation of Struggle
the nourishment of Community.
With our sisters and brothers
throughout the world
we promise to live "threatened with
Resurrection."
We stand in solidarity with them
and remember the words of
our sister, Julia Esquivel,
an exiled Guatemalan:

"Accompany us then on this vigil
and you will know what it is to dream!
You will then know how marvelous it is
to live threatened with Resurrection!

To dream awake, to keep watch asleep,
to live while dying
and to already know oneself
resurrected!"

Sisterhood / New Life -- Egg Hunt

Song: "Spirit of Life" by Carolyn McDade

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[First, play an instrumental solo of the entire song. We had a child play this on her violin. Secondly, violin and guitar play together with solo voice humming. Then the solo voice; finally, all sing.]

Spirit of Life come unto me
Sing in my heart all the stirrings of
compassion
Blow in the wind, rise in the sea
Move in the hand giving life the shape of
justice
Roots hold me close, wings set me free
Spirit of life, come to me, come to me

Sending Forth to Egg Hunt

[Adults are invited to find the eggs. When the children declare that all eggs have been found (of course, they'll need to help!), everyone is called to gather around the celebration table with eggs in hand.]

Blessing of Eggs

[The blesser invites the people to put their eggs in the basket. She blesses the eggs using the image of new life that people spoke of in the introductions.]

Blessing of Water

We bless this water using the words of the water blessing that we used during the "Women Church Speaks" conference in Chicago in 1983. With this blessing we unite ourselves with all of Women-Church throughout the world, past, present and future.

Easter Vigil

From the moment of conception
we are bathed in water. Water is
essential for creation and for our
survival. It is a scarce resource. It
is used for cleansing and healing.
As Women-Church we claim a new
baptism--a baptism into a church
which acknowledges that it is guilty
of sexism, heterosexism, racism,
classism; a baptism into a commu-
nity of believers willing to struggle
toward more just relationships.

And we claim the power of
women's healing. We join in soli-
darity with mothers around the
globe and search for ways to heal
the wounds of war. We are one
with the mothers whose daughters
and sons are dying in Nicaragua, El
Salvador, the Middle East, Korea,
Afghanistan, Guatemala, Chile,
Argentina, Ethiopia, South Af-
rica...

Reclaiming our baptism and our power of
healing, let us as Women-Church bless this
water. *[She uses a gesture.]*

Blessing of One Another

*[Using the evergreen branch, each person
blesses the person beside her. The one being blessed
speaks an affirmation of her baptismal roots. When
the blessings end, the song begins.]*

Song: "Come Drink Deep", Carolyn McDade

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Come drink deep of living waters
Without cup bend close to the ground
Wade with bare feet into troubled waters
Where love of life abounds

I turn my head to sky rains falling
Wash the wounds of numbness from my
soul

Turn my heart in tides of fierce renewal
Where love and rage run whole

Come rains of heaven on the dry seed
Rains of love on every tortured land
Roots complacent awaken in compassion
So hope springs in our hands...
Come drink deep

Lighting the Fire

*[The group gathers around the charcoal
burner. The fire is lit in silence.]*

Reading: "Saturday before Easter '81"

Oh when will the graves finally be empty
the exhuming of victims unnecessary
the pictures gone of children sprayed with
a new poison
that turns the skin black and peeling
and makes the eyes sink into their sockets
oh when will the graves finally be empty
of mutilated bodies in el salvador

When I first became a christian I wanted to
see christ
striking me down on the road to damascus
I pictured the place like gottingen
the empty tomb no more than a fairytale
for the unenlightened

Now I've been becoming a christian for a
long time
and I have occasionally seen jesus
the last time as an old woman in nicaragua
who was learning to read she was beaming
not just her eyes but also her hair thinned
by age
her twisted feet she was beaming all over

But I've also grown poorer
depressed I scurry through the city
I even go to demonstrations
half expecting courage to be passed out
there
and I'd give anything to see the other half
of the story
the empty tomb on easter morning
and empty graves in el salvador.

*Dorothee Soelle, "Saturday Before Easter '81", Of War and Love.
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Easter Vigil

Song: "Renew the Earth" by Marsie Silvestro

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Refrain: Take time, sisters, renew the earth
Reclaim rebirth... renew

As women who are daring
Standing strong with care
We join our lives of Gospel love
Whose faithfulness we bear (refrain)

Our lives cry out for justice
Whose voice will never tire
For we carry deep within our hearts
Its searing light of fire (refrain)

Sharing of Reflections

*[People are invited to share their reflection.
After sharing, each person puts wood on the fire.]*

Song: Cantor: "Lumen Christi"

Response: "Deo Gracias"

[When the reflections cease, the cantor lights the central candle from the fire and intones the chant. "Lumen Christi" (or another traditional chant) is sung three times in the traditional melody while candles are passed around and lit. When all candles are lit, process into the house and form a circle around the hors d'oeuvre table, singing...]

"Comin' Out of Exile" by Carolyn McDade

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We are comin' out of exile comin' home
We are comin' out of exile comin' home
We are comin' out of exile,
comin' out of exile
We are comin' out of exile comin' home

Out of wilderness we come, comin' home...
Sister, come and take my hand,
comin' home...

All together we come, comin' home...
Alleluia, alleluia, comin' home...

Nourishment / Celebration / Community --Food

Wine Blessing

[When everyone has circled the table, the wine blesser invites everyone to put their candles in a circle on the edge of the hors d'oeuvre table. The blesser takes a carafe of wine and blesses the wine using her own words. As she gathers up all that has happened, she fills each glass with wine and ends with an invitation for everyone to toast to resurrection and new life. When the toasts end, all are invited to share the hors d'oeuvres.]

Food Blessing

[When the food is ready, each dish is placed on the dining table. Some of the candles are brought to the table and all are invited to gather around the table.]

Song: "Comin' Out of Exile"

[During the song, each dish is raised in a blessing gesture.]

Sisters, bless this food together,
comin' home...
Alleluia, alleluia, comin' home...

The Meal

A joyous and festive spirit fills the air!

Reading

[When the meal comes to a close, proclaim Matthew 28: 1-10.]

Now after the sabbath, toward the dawn of the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to see the sepulchre. And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of God

Easter Vigil

descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. The angel's appearance was like lightning, and its raiment white as snow. And for fear of the angel the guards trembled and became like dead people. But the angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. Jesus is not here, but has risen, as he said. Come see the place where Jesus lay. Then go quickly and tell the disciples that Jesus has risen from the dead, and behold, even now is going before you to Galilee. There you will see Jesus. Lo, I have told you." So they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to tell the disciples. And behold, Jesus met them and said, "Hail!" And they came up and took hold of Jesus' feet and worshiped Jesus. Then Jesus said to them, "Do not be afraid; go and tell my followers to go to Galilee, and there they will see me."

Blessing of One Another

[Invite everyone to offer a warm Easter Greeting to the group and then extend an embrace of peace to one another.]

Song: "Blessing Song" by Marsie Silvestro

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[Play this on a tape recorder in the background. Once people have greeted one another they will circle the table, arm in arm, and sing.]

Bless you my sister...Bless you on your way
You have roads to roam...before you're
home
And winds to speak your name

So go gently my sister...Let courage be your
song
You have words to say...in your own way
And stars to light your night

And if ever you grow weary
And your heart's song has no
refrain
Just remember we'll be waiting
To raise you up again

And we'll bless you our sister
Bless you in our way
And we'll welcome home...all the life you've
known
And softly speak your name

Oh we'll welcome home all the self you own
And softly speak your name



This Easter Vigil was planned by Diann Neu and Elisabeth Schussler Fiorenza for SAS, Sisters Against Sexism. Diann and Elisabeth are both members of this women's base community.

Appendix I: Music

Songs used in these liturgies are listed here alphabetically. Words and chords are given for each song and, when possible, music also appears. Each artist has given her permission for publication.

I encourage you to buy tapes or records from the artist. (Order forms appear at the end of this section.) I use the music of Holly Near, Carolyn McDade and Marsie Silvestro constantly when planning feminist liturgies because in their music they use symbols and images that speak of feminist spirituality.

1. "Blessing Song" by Marsie Silvestro
2. "Call to Women" by Carolyn McDade
3. "Come Drink Deep" by Carolyn McDade
4. "Comin' Out of Exile" by Carolyn McDade
5. "For Everyone You Take" by Marsie Silvestro
6. "It Could Have Been Me" by Holly Near
7. "Renew the Earth" by Marsie Silvestro
8. "Spirit of Life" by Carolyn McDade
9. "Women are Rising" by Carolyn McDade

Music

A Blessing Song by Marsie Silvestro

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G Bm C G Bm
Bless you my sister, bless you on your way
C Bm
You have roads to roam, before you're home
C Am D7
And winds to speak your name

G Bm C G Bm
So go gently my sister, let courage be your song
C Bm
You have words to say, in your own way
C Am G
And stars to light your night

Am Bm
And if ever you grow weary
Am Bm
And your heart's song has no refrain
Am Bm
Just remember we'll be waiting
Am A7 D7
To raise you up again

G Bm
And we'll bless you our sister
C Bm
Bless you in our way
C Bm
And we'll welcome home, all the life you've known
C Am7 D
And softly speak your name

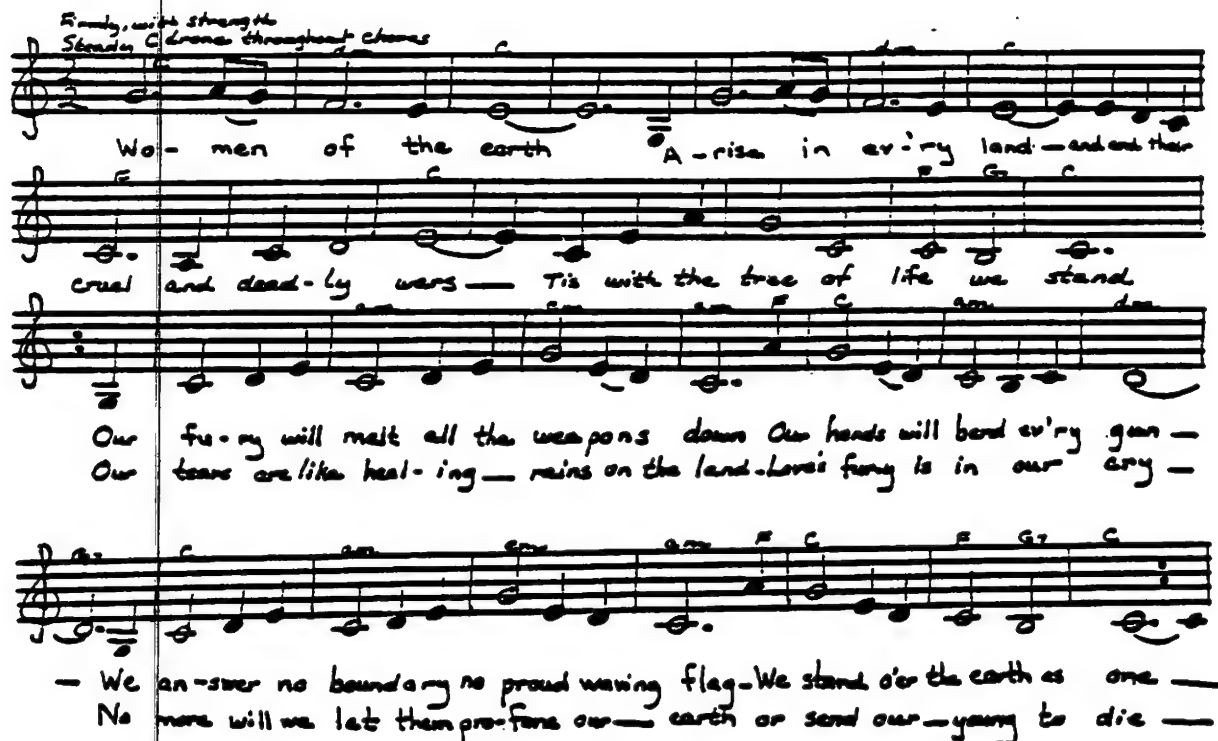
C Bm
Oh we'll welcome home, all the self you own
C Am7 G
And softly speak your name.

Music

Call To Women by Carolyn McDade

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*Finely, with strength
Steady C drone throughout chorus*



Wo - men of the earth A - rise in ev'ry land - and out their
cruel and dead - ly wars - Tis with the tree of life we stand
Our fu - ry will melt all the weapons down Our hands will bend ev'ry gun -
Our tears are like heal - ing - rains on the land - Love's fury is in our cry -

- We an - swer no bound - ary no proud waving flag - We stand o'er the earth as one -
No more will we let them pro - fane our - earth or send our - young to die -

We stand as sisters unto the earth
her forests of living green
The cypress and ginkgo, the oak and the pine
the millions unnamed, unseen

Our blood's in the seas pulsing on every shore
the wind bears our word and our song
So tender our step on this green growing earth
that carries life on and on

We're firm as the mountains, as free as the wind,
as wild as the forest of old
The rights of each generation to come
unite us with spirits bold

So fierce is our love of this life that we share
these wars then must wither and cease
Replaced by a justice for one and for all,
created by living peace.

Music

Come Drink Deep by Carolyn McDade

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"A song that came from my reflecting on the community of women who have nurtured and challenged my life - women who came and went through the door at 140 Summer Street - a song for their choices, their courage, their way of being with one another."

Carolyn McDade

Slow - thoughtfully F dm

Come drink — deep — of living wa-ters — without
I turn my head — to sky rains fall-ing — wash the
Come rains of hea — ven on the dry seed — rains of

Ab F G dm

cup bend close — to the ground — Wade with bare feet in —
wounds of numbness from my soul — Turn my heart in
love on every tortured land — Roots compla-cent a-

am Bb am gn gn c

to troubled wa-ters where love of life a-bounds
tides of fieri re-new-al where love and rage run whole
waken in com-pan-ion — so hope springs in our hands —

gn (Bb) F

Come drink — deep

Music

Comin' Out Of Exile by Carolyn McDade



We are comin' out of exile, comin' home
We are comin' out of exile, comin' home
We are comin' out of exile, comin' out of exile
we are comin' out of exile, comin' home

Out of wilderness we come, comin' home

Sister, come and take my hand, comin' home

All together we come, comin' home

Music

For Everyone You Take by Marsie Silvestro

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for everyone you take, ten more will come. We're women rising up, we shall
not be undone. We circle mother earth, and we hear her cry. For the
(3) As our
sake of your children, do not let me die. To beginning
hear her song, for the sake of all life, let there be no bombs.
sister and friend, and we'll circle her for peace a-gain and a-gain.
for every one you take, ten more will come. We're women rising up. We shall
not be undone. We're women rising up. We shall not be undone
every one you take for everyone you take for every one you take
ten more will come.

Music

It Could Have Been Me by Holly Near

Copyright 1974 Hereford Music. Reprinted by permission of Redwood Records.

CHORUS (D) Gm7 (Em7) Gm7/C (Em7)

It could have been me _____ but in - stead it was you, _

F (D) Gm7 (Em7)

So I'll keep do - ing the work _ you were do -

C7sus (A7) C7 (A7)

ing _ as if I were two, _ I'll be a

Gm7 (Em7) Am7 (F#m7)

stu - dent of life, _ a sing - er of songs, _ a far - mer of food _ and a

Gm7 (Em7)

right - er of wrong, _ It could have been me _____

Gm7/C (Em7) F (D)

but in - stead it was you. _ And it may be _ me _

Gm7 (Em7) C7sus (A7)

dear sis - ters and bro - thers _ be - fore we are through, _

C7 (A7) F (D) Dm (Bm)

But if you can work * for free - dom,

G7 (E7) Gm7/C (Em7)

free - dom, free - dom, free - dom, _ If you can work * for free -

Gm7/C (Em7) F (D)

dom I can _ too. _

Music

Renew The Earth by Marsie Silvestro

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(with spirit)



Take time sisters re new the earth, reclaim rebirth--- re-new.....

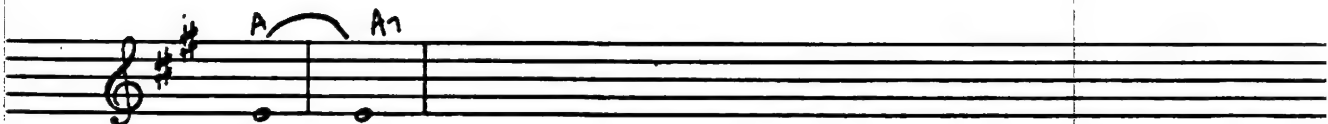
Verses:



1. As wo-men we have the power-- to change bombs into--- bread. We
2. As wo-men we have the energy- to make our spi-rits rise. We
3. As wo-men -- we shall gather- to moth---er earth a--- gain. We
4. As wo-men -- who are daring- -- stand-ing strong with care.



1. shall not trade our liv-ing ones, to be coun--ted a- mong t:
2. shape our lives with truthful--- ness, -- We can---not -- live o
3. shall not let her be des----stroyed-- by war toys -- made b
4. We join our lives of Gospel love, --whose peaceful--- ness w
(giving)



1. dead..... (REF:)
2. lies..... (REF:)
3. men..... (REF:)
4. bear..... (REF:)

Music

Spirit Of Life by Carolyn McDade

Copyright 1981 Surtsey Publishing. Reprinted by permission.

A *Em7* *F* *A*

Spi-rit of Life — Come un-to me —

Sing in my heart — all the stirrings of Com-pas-sion —

Blow in the wind — rise in the sea —

Move in the hand giving life the steps of jus-tice —

Roots hold me close — Wings set me free —

Spi-rit of Life — Come to me — Come to me —

*Written in the waning moon of the
third lunar month*

Music

Women Are Rising by Carolyn McDade

Copyright 1981 Surtsey Publishing. Reprinted by permission.

Wo - men are ri - sing o'er the land, o'er the land my sis - te - ry - til all of us are free and this world will ne ver be the same no more - this world wi ne ver be the same

THEOLOGY LIBRARY
CLAREMONT, CALIF.

Rain Upon Dry Land

Songs of Carolyn McDade

A chorus of 35 women come together to sing what we live - The songs are from the living of women in this circle and around the earth - Like rain upon dry land we come to an earth thirsting for freedom, for peace, for liberation - With our voices and our lives we join our particular struggle with that of all oppressed people - We sing a freedom song from South Africa, a rallying cry of landless Brazilians, an international song uniting global struggle, and with a civil rights song proclaim that the Women's movement and the Black Movement are fundamentally inseparable - Donations generated by this tape will further the work of Womencenter at Plainville, an ecumenical reflection-action center for the evolving of a woman's perspective of justice -

This Tape of 16 songs includes:

Come Drink Deep
Song to Mary
Song of Community
Rising Green
You Have Touched A Woman,
You Have Struck A Rock
Hymn of Earth's Women

Asikatali
We Want Land on Earth
I Lift Mine Eyes
Idania's Letter (A Nicaraguan
Revolutionary fighter's words
to her daughter)
I Come of My People

To receive a tape and/or accompanying songbook of these songs make a donation with check payable to:
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Address _____
_____ zip _____

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Mailing Cost: 1.50

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by Marsie Silvestro

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Name _____

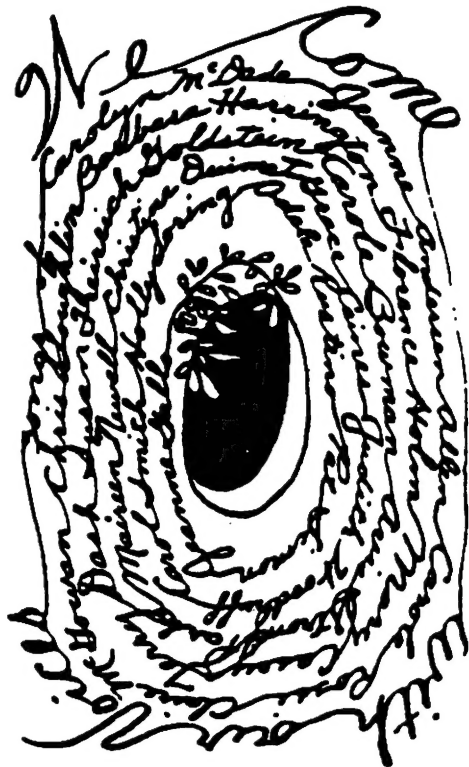
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Make checks payable: Marsie Silvestro • Moonsong Productions • 35-16 85th St. #6G • Jackson Heights, NY 11372

Feminist Songs of Peace and Justice
(by Carolyn McDade)

Many feminist activists in the
Boston area came together to sing
songs for this tape, including
6 to Women, quoted below and
at the Boston WILPF celebration
International Women's Day this year.



Women of the earth, arise in every land
And end their cruel and deadly wars
Tis with the tree of life we stand

Our fury will melt all the weapons down
Our hands will bend every gun
We answer no boundary, no proud waving flag
We stand o'er the earth as one

Our tears are like healing rains on the land
Love's fury is in our cry
No more will we let them profane our earth
Or send our young to die

We stand as sisters unto the earth
 Her forests of living green
 The cypress and ginkgo, the oak and the pine
 The millions unnamed, unseen

Our blood's in the seas pulsing on every shore
The wind bears our word and our song
To tender our step on this green growing earth
That carries life on and on

We're firm as the mountains, as free as the wind
As wild as the forest of old
The rights of each generation to come
Join us with spirits bold

so fierce is our love of this life that we share
These wars then must wither and cease
replaced by a justice for one and for all
treated by living peace

where we go we carry with us the power of our voices - Our singing
- spun from our very living and joined voice with voice comes like a
wind, circling us and our world, weaving us together - one earth -
people - one life -

Songs include:

Song of Woman

Comin' out of Exile

Spirit of Life

Song of Hands

America

Who Will Go With My People

Canto a la Libertad

Creation of Peace

To order, write:

WE COME WITH OUR VOICES
Womancenter at Plainville
76 Everett Skinner Rd.
Plainville, MA 02762

Cost:

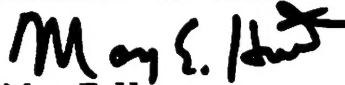
Tape	6.50
Songbook	5.00
Mailing	1.50
Make check payable to	
Womancenter at Plainville	

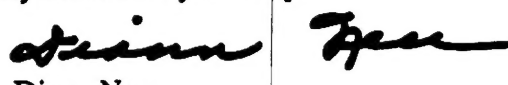
Women-Church Base Community Survey

WATER is asked often about women-church base communities around the country and throughout the world. We want to know how many there are, where they are or how many people participate in them.

We would like to collect some of that data, at least in this informal way. We have put together at modest resource so that people can contact each other.

Feel free to send additional information, suggestions, or insights you wish to share. Your cooperation with this brief questionnaire will benefit all women. Many thanks for your help.


Mary E. Hunt


Diann Neu

Name of Group: _____

Contact Person: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Phone: day (____) _____ evening (____) _____

1. How many members are in the group (approximately)?

2. Are you open to new members?

Can visitors to your city drop in?

Does your group include (permit) men?

3. How often does the group meet? Do you celebrate holidays like Christmas or Easter?

4. What is the format of the meeting, i.e., do you include a meal?

5. Who does the planning?

Feel free to use the back for additional information, suggestions, insights you wish to share. Thank you.

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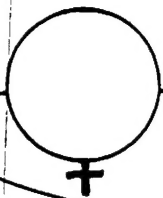
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